M P NEWS

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CONTENTS

Editorial

G. Yelloweyes 3.

Articles

Retaliation (R.S. McCarthy) 7.
Crime Starts with Criminals. (Bob Neese) 33.
The Forgotten Race. (Merle Gardipee) 13.
Some Remarks About Parole. (Dr. Karl Menninger) 35.
The Casual Acquaintance. (A.F. Charle) 41.
Speaking Cut. (A. Calf Looking) 16.

Sports

By Jerry McGivern 27.
Yelloweyes 31.
A portray of Fred Doney 11.

Departments

The Entertainers 22.
Labor Day Festivities 15.
Women's Page 38.
The Men of Action (Jaycees) 40.
Hey, bet you didn't know. 39.
Buzzard's Roost. (Mutt) 24.
The Gag Bag 19.
The Clark Theatre 9.
Rothe Hall Movies 10.
The Nightkeeper 5.
What a way to Die. 8.
Convicts Cats. 26.
Poems by Luckenbach 32

The Editors desk

Is happiness being an editor? Let me tell you about it. The first day on the job I went through the outgoing editor's notebook to see if he had left any kind of a list of instructions. Instead I found a clipping titled, "Good Prison Editor". I thought to myself, now I'm sure this wasn't his intention. Why I've known the guy for years. A devoted friend questioning my intellectual ability? Never! Pure coincidence.

Well, curiosity is another thing. You just can push it aside. It's like an itch and you have to scratch it. So I went on ahead and read the clipping, hoping I would be within its qualifications.

"A good prison editor must be one whose editorial policy agrees with ideas of hundreds of other inmates, not two of whom reason alike."

"He must refrain from expressing his personal view lest he be accused of foisting silly opinions best kept to himself; yet he must be neither a parrot nor a copy cat." About this time I was beginning to mumble to myself.

"He must be thick-skinned as a rhinoceros, to withstand the barbs of outspoken critics; yet acutely sensitive to every vagrant breeze that might develop into a tornado of general disapproval."

"He must be tactful without deceit; deceitful without being caught."

"He must paint a vivid, colorful picture with gray paint.

"He must have some education, also histrionic ability to conceal his knowledge, lest he be termed superior by his writers and readers."

At this point the confidence that had swayed my decision to become editor was now at the mercy of inadequacy. I was ready and willing to talk things over with my former boss. Reluctantly I read on. (at least finish it you know.) Then it happened, right there before my eyes, printed in big black letters, these words: THESE, MY FRIENDS, ARE THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A GOOD EDITOR. THERE NEVER HAS BEEN, AND NEVER WILL BE, A GOOD PRISONER EDITOR. Talk about revival! With my confidence restored and my alligator smile back in action, I gently placed the clipping out of sight. Happiness??? Na-si-va. (No Good)

As is always the case of a new editor, trial, error and adjustment are eminent, and I ask for your cooperation and encouragement.

FREEDOM IS THE WORD

By J.J K.

You'd better believe it's tough! No sane person can lose that certain something called freedom and laugh about it. And the guy in prison is the only one who can tell you what freedom really is. Freedom, as the prisoner understands it, is something which cannot be replaced once it has been lost.

Freedom is composed of simple things that you never think about until you awake one morning as an old man. Then you realize that life is rapidly drawing to a close and your most valuable possession has been taken away.

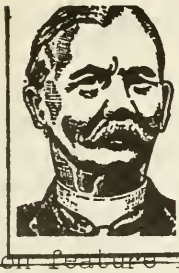
Freedom is just a seven-letter word but it's made up of a thousand sounds. The sounds that only a prisoner thinks about when the slamming of steel doors says that he has lost.

The singing of a child or the siren of an ambulance, neither related to the other, but this is the sound of freedom. The smiling face of a waitress in a nightclub or the tramping through leaves in the park. This is the sound of freedom.

The opening of the door on the bus and the yell from the kid on the corner selling newspapers. This is freedom, along with your buddy who stops at the house for a beer. or the Saturday afternoon at the ballpark.

Freedom. How ridiculous, how strange, and how wonderful. You never realize just how wonderful it is until you lose it.

-The Weekly Progress



Nightkeeper

Published weekly in the Spectator, inmate written and edited newspaper at Southern Michigan Prison, Nightkeeper's Report has been acclaimed the most widely printed prison feature in the nation's 190 member Penal Press. Penned in neat Spencerian script by nightkeeper John H. Purves in the 1880's, the day-to-day reports chronicled occurances within the dark and gloomy confines of the prison. Today the reports are dust laden, worn and fragile. But entries abound in a crisply written and entertaining report of nights behind bars.

JULY 11 -A new prisoner arrived today. His name is Grecco, and he comes from up near Traverse City. He was sentenced to one and one-half to five years for chicken stealing. His brother has been here for the past several years serving time for the same offense. I only hope he can keep out of trouble as well as his brother. He seems like he can keep out of trouble as well as his brother. He seems like a more talkative fellow than his brother, but this may be due to his age. He is a youngster whereas his brother is much older.

JULY 12 -The night just past was filled with loud noises and disturbances. The "crow", as the guards call him, is back to his old tricks of cawing. The culprit waits until the lamps are out then lets out some of the most authentic crow calls I have ever heard. He always seems to know exactly where the guard is before he starts his imitations. I am sure if he is caught a few servings of bread and water will tend to lesson his highstrung crowish nerves.

JUNE 27 -The night has been fair with little disturbance to report. I received Doctor Kimball's confirmation that both Driscoll and Ranson's skulls were slightly fractured in the fracas with Hannibal, but they are in no serious danger. It is hard to kill one of these agents of Satan and it is my opinion that they would make excellent soldiers if it weren't for the strong possibility of their shooting all our own officers and men.

JUNE 29 -The sweeper from solitary row says Hannibal wants to be released and will find the missing convict as a reward for his efforts. Such gall I could well im-

agine the kind of assistance we could expect from Hannibal.

AUGUST 29 -Last night I went to the solitary and released Hannibal the Bear. He has completed his sixty days, more or less. He was still very lively after his sixty days, but I don't think he would be so foolish as to start more trouble until he has recovered from his ordeal. Sixty days in solitary is enough to make the most violent man mild. After receiving a bath and shave, I took him to the dining hall and let him eat as much as he wanted. Perhpas a little kindness will cause him to be more agreeable in the future. I have never in all my time seen anyone eat so greedily as Hannibal. He consumed two loaves of bread in addition to three huge bowls of potatoes and gravy, and several bowls of coffee. I gave him his old cell in the East Wing where he immediately went to sleep. The night passed in peace.

SEPTEMBER 5 -Someone has been instigating trouble between Hannibal the Bear, and the new ruffian, McGee. They exchanged a few nasty words, but that was all that transpired. I know it's too much to ask of Hannibal to stay out of trouble, and since he has just come out of solitary, I hope he will hold his violent temper for a while. I wrote a report about McGee on the date of his entrance, and he actually thinks he's a terror. I will endeavor to keep the two men apart assigning them to opposite wings. We might have a bit of trouble if those two bulls lock horns. The prison has been in good order most of the night.

DECEMBER 20 -Just as I expected, the convicts are trying to find some means in which they can utilize Hannibal the Bear's excessive strength. Silver Jack Driscoll is the ring-leader of this movement. I saw him getting chummy with Hannibal at supper time and he seemed bent on trying to convince the Bear about something, but all Hannibal did was to shake his head vigorously. These two, and several others, will bear watching more than a little from this moment on, but I shall have to be discreet about it.

***

Early to bed and early to rise makes a man feel institutionalized.

Retaliation by R.S. McCarthy

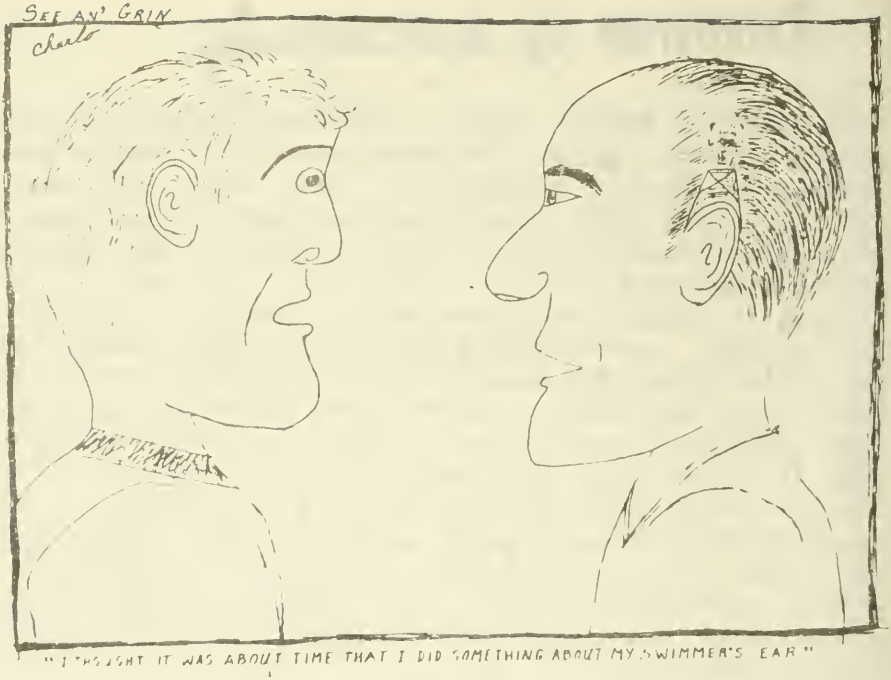
In the few months that I have been here, I've come across a few articles in your mag about the younger generation and what it's coming to! So I will now speak for (we) the younger generation so that you can have a complete picture of what's really happening and see our side of the story.

There is really nothing strange or feminine about long hair on men. Our only hang-up is that since around the late 1700's, men who wanted to be distinguished from the rowdy rough and tumble "don't give a damn" bad guys got hair cuts and were supposed to look civilized. However, some of our toughest and greatest men had long hair. To name a few: George Washington (wore a wig no less), Davy Crockett, Paul Revere, Lewis and Clark, Jim Bowie, General Robert E. Lee and Grant, Cristofer Columbus, Einstein, most of the senators and governors and almost every man on the streets. So obviously everybody wasn't a bunch of sissys.

Then as time went by, people thought you would look better if you at least kept the ends neatly trimmed. As the cities grew and we got more organized we supposedly got more civilized and clean. The result; a conservative, well mannered, crew cutted front with which to fool the people into thinking what a nice guy you are.

So now along comes some people who are tired of this elaborate front and decide they're going to be what they want to be. Without the front they are still the same people they would be even with a crew cut and suit. But our great society can't see it because we don't look like the rest of this carbon copy world. We are also put down because some of us are dirty, take drugs and listen to funny music. Don't tell me that skid rows and plenty of dirt merchants weren't here until hippies came or that there weren't a large number of drug addicts around before the hippies.

Every group of people and every country had its troubles when they started and they fought, raved, and ranted for quite awhile before they got settled so ours isn't the first to do and look different since this ole country was formed. All I can say is don't be so narrow minded because as the old saying goes, you don't judge a book by its cover.



What a Way to Die

MERRILLAN, Wis. (UPI) -The grim reaper must have had a belly laugh here in 1917.

A story resurrected from the Wisconsin Leader, published here until 1929, quoted from death certificates signed by physicians who proved to be masters of malapropisms.

Among the causes of death written by doctors for the chief statistician of the state board of health were:

"A mother died in infancy."

"Deceased had never been fatally sick."

"Died suddenly, nothing serious."

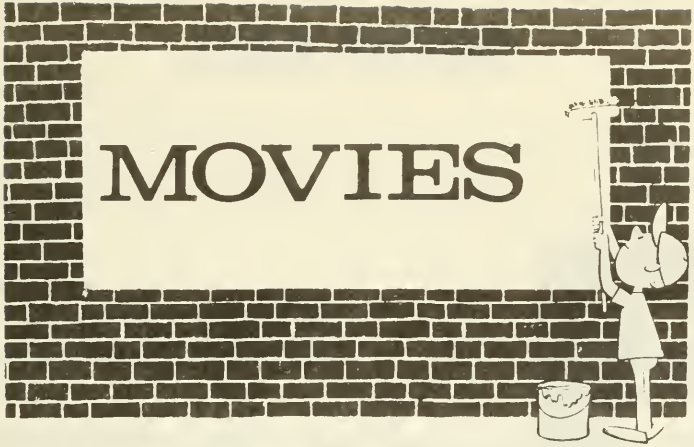
"Died suddenly at the age of 103."

"Went to bed feeling well, but woke up dead."

"Kicked by horse shod on left kidney."

" Pulmonary hemorrhage, sudden death. Duration four years."

"Deceased died from blood poison, caused by a broken ankle. which is remarkable, as the automobile struck him between the lamp and the radiator."



CLARK THEATRE

October 4, 1969 — ***THE STALKING MOON***

Gregory Peck, Eva Marie Saint, Robert Forster, Noland Clay, Russell Thorson, Frank Silvera.

October 11, 1969 — ***How Sweet It Is!***

Debbie Reynolds, James Garner, Terry-Thomas, Maurice Ronet, Paul Lynde, Marcel Dalio.

October 18, 1969 — ***CHARRO!***

Elvis Presley, Ina Barlin, Victor French, Lynn Kellogg, Barbara Werle, Solomon Sturges, Tony Young.

October 25, 1969 — ***With Six You Get Eggroll***

Doris Day, Brian Keith, Pat Carroll, Barbara Hershey, George Carlin, Alice Ghostley, John Findlater.

November 1, 1969 — ***Beach Red***

Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace, Rip Torn, Burr DeBenning, Patrick Wolfe, Jaime Sanchez, Gene Blakely.

ROTHE HALL

October 4, 1969

In Enemy Country
Tony Franciosa, Anjanette Comer

October 11, 1969

Did You Hear the One About The Traveling Saleslady?
Phyllis Diller, Bob Denver

October 18, 1969

The Great Impostor
Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien

October 25, 1969

The Shakiest Gun in the West
Don Knotts, Barbara Rhoades

November 1, 1969

DORIS DAY
in
'THE BALLAD OF JOSIE'

(Editor's Note)

Due to the hospitilization of our supervisor and other minor obstacles beyond our control, the MP News is a little late this month. Trivial matters such as these only serve to heighten our quest for perfection and higher work standards. We will try to get the October issue out on time if we're not too tired.

**

Fred Doney

competion at Minneapolis.

Later, as a welterweight he won District A.A.U. title at Poundup and State Championship at Billings.

CRIME STarts with Criminals

By Bob Neese

Hey, you outside there! Yeah you, looking into your wallet with the worried frown.. Wondering how that last paycheck got away so fast? The old bank account getting thin? So you didn't think your taxes would chop out such a big chunk, huh?

I can tell you where a whole lot of it went, mister, because I was right there scrounging around in your wallet, whether you know it or not. Me and a gang of other guys like me.

You see, I've been a thief. No, I'm not proud of it, stating facts; and I've stolen from a few of you contempararies. Not much, less than a couple of hundred bucks altogether. But it drew me these two sentences and eight years behind bars. And do you have any idea what that cost you people with the paychecks?

To keep me behind bars cost you about $12,000 bucks. On top of that, you had to make up my child support payments through ADC, and that figures right at four grand. Add on the taxes I would have paid, hidden and regular, on a $5,000 a year income which you have to make up. Then, not counting such incidentals as catching and convicting me, auto license fees and dog tags,I figure that I've tapped you for better than 20,000 dollars.

That make you mad? No? Just hang tough - it will.

I'm just one in one state. There are 210,000 of us in the state. And that doesn't include the youngsters in training school and the parolees and probationers,, who don't cost you nearly that much.

Through the ages, man has spent mountains of gold, countless lives and billions of man hours in chasing criminals and punishing them. But, the amount invested in preventing criminals - not crime, but criminals - has been pathetically small.

And that, of course, is the answer to the whole mess: an answer you must learn to live with. If you don't control crime, it controls you. You must either invest more in stemming crime by preventing criminals, or spend an increasingly greater part of your income for protection.. Cont. on P. 33

THE FORGOTTEN RACE

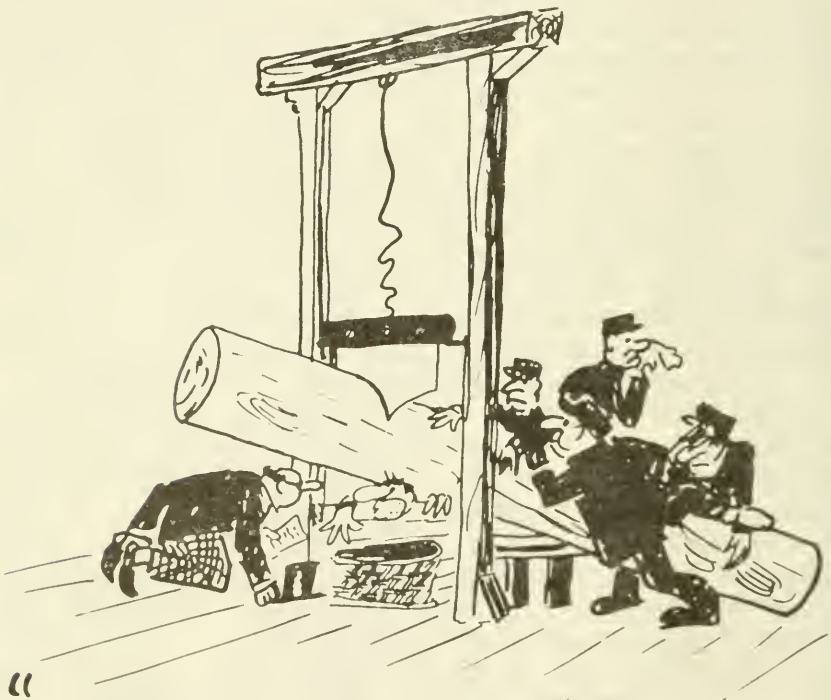
MERLE GARDIPEE

A people who are oppressed, neglected, degraded, misunderstood, misused, and unfortunate. This describes the once proud American Indian. The great hunters and fighters of old have been reduced to a mere fraction. The once respected, dignified, and loyal people have been conquered, isolated, and forgotten. A people who were willing to share their beloved home lands with others are now living on allotted plots of land, with nothing to remind them of how it was before the white man came, except legends and tales handed down from generation to generation; and what historical facts that are known today. Who can visualize the once lush valleys bearing natural fruit and covered with multicolored plants, the great plains, abundant with game, the vast forests dense with timber, for building, and the mountains and their streams overflowing with fish of every variety? A people, to who, self-preservation, and a feeling of belonging were the only necessities of life. Who can began to comprehend the simplicity of life enjoyed by a red man living in this, a paradise granted him by his creator?

To truly understand the feelings and problems of a civilized Indian today, one has got to review Indian history, culture, and understand exactly what an Indian has lost, what he has gone through, and where he stands today. War, that is where we are today, war, against the degrading conditions of reservations, some times unfit for human occupancy. War, aginst unemployment and underemployment. We are no longer satisfied with the menial jobs we have been allowcated, irrespective of our abilities. We are impatient! We have listened to the promises of the "Great White Father," to no avail. We don't want charity, or even the luxuries of life. We want jobs, education and equality. We want opportunity and justice, but most of all we want results, visible, physical evidence that our society cares. We want to know that our children won't be confined to live

on reservations. We want to be respected for our efforts and be able to look upon the world with dignity. We want to rise as others have risen and share in the material and intellectual benefits that most people enjoy today.

We also want peace, not only with the world but with ourselves, peace of mind in knowing we are on the same level as others and we can achieve exactly what we endeavor to gain. We can educate ourselves and learn new skills, we can prepare our children to new fields of learning. We must not forget our heritage and our duty as Indians to help each other to the full extent of our capabilities. We must organize and fight together, diplomatically for a foot-hold in society and leave our lands for new horizons, for the day of the reservation is gone. Here, today is the land of tomorrow, our land.



LABOR DAY

FESTIVITIES

HORSE SHOES

Singles - Jess 1st
Hampson 2nd

Doubles- Toms & Davis - 1st
'ing & Hampson 2nd

BASKETBALL LONG SHOTS

Yelloweyes - 1st
'right, L. - 2nd

FREE THROWS

Doney, F. - 1st
Carlson - 2nd

FOOTBALL THROW

Accurancy - Metcalf - 1st
De'coteau - 2nd

Distance - Ford - 1st
Baldwin - 2nd

SOFTBALL THROW

Accurancy - Carrier - 1st
Toms - 2nd

Distance - Baldwin - 1st
Ford -2nd

SHUFFLEBOARD

Baldwin - 1st
Toms - 2nd

DRUNKEN SAILOR

1st Place team	2nd Place team
Azure	Williams
Wright, L.	Barrows
Ford	Stevenson
Baldwin	Hanks
Yelloweyes	Alexander

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Speaking Out

mutt

The law, in all its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor from sleeping under the bridge, begging in the streets and stealing bread.

When French satirist Anatole France, recognizing the subtle injustices of the Eurppean justice in the 19th century, might with a few slight modifications say the same thing today about the American system of "equality."

Though, more than ever, the story of crime seems to be the story of poverty. Any analysis of prison populations clearly indicate that the vast majority - up to 90% - of all persons who commit crimes come from the lowest economic strata of our "American way of life." Being poor, per se, usually isn't the direct cause of our crimes. Only rarely does a man steal to feed his children, or to buy medicine for his sick wife.

Under our system, this kind of thievery generally isn't necessary. So, say the "big shots" who are supposed to be in the know.

But poverty is the grandfather of crime; in that it fathers the slums and the ghettos, which in turn breed the conditions that are directly responsible for the crimes that are committed.

-A breakdown of the family unit, together with the lack of a strong father figure; and the loss of one's self-respect.

-A warped code of morals that begins with a disrespect for property and culminates with a disregard for human life.

-An atmosphere in which violations of the law are the rule; not the exception.

The casual connection between these conditions and crime have long been recognized. It has been difficult - almost impossible; to try and convince the average American citizen that this phenomenon is more than just an ivory tower theory concocted by some, but not all social workers.

Why, it has been asked; do some kids from the deprived areas manage to rise above their origins and become law-abiding citizens? This does happen, but look at the odds; and the deck is badly stacked against these kids. The middle-class Anglo child, needs

only to glide through the formative years only unless something unusual happens, the odds are that he'll turn out to be a normal person. But the slum kid, has such great odds to overcome that he has to make an almost superhuman effort to stay off the wrong path.

While other prison population records show a disproportionately large number of inmates from the Negro and Hispano communities; this prison shows many Indian from the reservations and small towns throughout the state. And the experts aren't a bit too surprised by this.

They say that hundreds of years of discrimination by the Anglo society have deprived the minority groups of jobs and educational opportunities and have driven them into the slums and the ghettos, Once in the slums, their chances of avoiding a life of crime often become minute.

Add to this 300 years of systematic degradations of Indians, Negros and Hispanos - degradation through which they have been virtually emasculated, stripped of their dignity - and the results aren't unexpected. Predictably, the fruit that is harvested from the ghettos and the slums in the sicopath. His intellects, was in that most unfortu-

nate of all phrases - too disadvantaged for slavery and not sufficiently disadvantaged for bedlam.

Sociopaths, or psychopaths, are social misfits who from an early age have proved a problem to themselves as well as to society. Many criminal defendants diagnosed, if not mentally ill, are termed "sociopaths." The manifestations of their lawlessness are - alcoholism, sexual perversion, theft, assault; and even homicide. In their criminal behavior as well as in other walks of life; they show a lack of judgement and foresight which is almost beyond belief - yet they may score well on intelligence tests.

Most recidivists - the repeaters who stay out of prison only long enough to get caught again - probably are sociopath. The sociopaths, many psychiatrists claim, have a deep-rooted feeling of guilt that manifests themselves into a compulsion to be caught and punished for their offenses. Some ex-con's, for example even write their own name on a check "so that even the dullest policeman can make an arrest."

Aside from these offenders who unconsciously want to get caught, most prisoners are probably simply inept. And in all simplicity, it

is primarily the sloppy offender who gets caught. Basically, these men are clumsy and impulsive. The deliberate and intelligent offenders - the professional killer, the high-level narcotics distributor, the fraudulent corporation executive, the thoughtful burglar - go to prison so rarely, that they hardly affect the statistics.

A Large number of criminals go unpunished simply because the general public insists on cooperating with them. Call Girls, Bookies, Loan Sharks, Abortionists and Bootleggers, know quite well that their customers are as anxious to keep their activities from the attention of the police and the general public as they themselves are, and that even if an arrest does occur, most honest citizens will do whatever they can to avoid involvement. Like the distributors of narcotics, these offenders are protected by members of the society against which they supposedly offend. And so, "White Collar" criminals rately go to prison. The tax evador, the first-rate embezzler, usually disguise their transaction well enough to avoid detection, And even if caught, the transactions are usually so complicated and their attorneys so skillful that the state has a mommoth task proving the charges against them.

A case in point is the bilking four years ago, of the Republic Saving Corp., in which investors - many of them pensioners - lost almost all of their life savings. In total, the company was drained of about $500,000. Yet, no one connected with the collapse of the firm served even one day in jail for playing a part in the swindle. The swindlers were, of course, what we otherwise call, "respectable" citizens.

To the clumsy bad-check writer from the slums or reservation who is serving 10 years in the State Penitentiary for writing a $20 short check; might just raise some questions about the administration of justice. These people in our prisons, without a doubt, are the ones that I've already mentioned.

The crimes of these slums are direct physical actions; a blow, a physical grasping and carrying away of the property of others, and then the victim identifies the criminal.

The crimes of the business world, on the other hand, are indirect, devious, anonymous and impersonal. A vague resentment against the resentment of their victims, and the criminal

JOKES !

When the doctor spanked Johnny's brand new baby brother, right after an emergency home delivery, Johnny remarked, "He sure did have that spanking coming to him, for hiding where he did."

A defense attorney was attempting to discredit the testimony of a star-witness.

"You just finished a prison term yourself, didn't you?" the attorney demanded.

"Yes, that's right."

"You were convicted of forgery?"

"Yes."

"What did you forge?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" the attorney bellowed, "What on earth were you doing in prison then?"

"I wish you'd tell me," the witness answered, "You were my lawyer!"

A man arrived at the doctor's office with a full-grown pelican perched on his head. "Exactly what seems to be the trouble?" asked the doctor somewhat knowingly. The pelican replied, "How the heck do I get this guy off my feet?"

The young man poured out his heart's devotion as he wrote to the girl of his dreams: "Darling; I would climb the highest mountain, swim the widest stream, cross the burning desert, and die at the stake for you. P.S. I will see you on Saturday - if it doesn't rain."

The judge read the charges, then asked the man before the bench: "Are you the defendant in this case?" "No, your honor. I got me a lawyer to do the defending. I'm the guy who done it."

A ne'er-do-well farmer was arrested and charged with larceny but after a long trial he was acquitted. He sat there staring vacantly until his lawyer nudged him and said, "Don't you understand, Mr. Brown? In a voice that could be heard all over the courtroom, the farmer asked, "Does that mean I have to give back the pig and the chickens?"

Mope: "Did you know that a grasshopper can jump a distance 100 times its own length?"

Dope: "No, but I've seen a little wasp move a 200 pound man three feet off the ground!"

"I remember back when we used to have things like social workers..."

practices seem to continue and spread. When anybody talks about "law and order" in our society, we really mean just "order." If a crime is orderly enough, we tolerate it. Disorderliness, not lawlessness, is what we don't like. The smooth, orderly criminal is not only tolerated, he is almost admired. The criminal in our prison represents just a small segement of the persons who actually commit crimes. He has been singled out because the crimes he commits are those least tolerated by society. They are the least tolerated, because they most directly affect the average citizen. And this is also true, in that they affect people so directly, they are easily detected and easily prosecuted. Furthermore, they are committed by the most inept criminals.

The angry, frustrated sociopath - the product of the slums and the ghettos who strikes back at a society that has turned him into the amoral shell of being what he is; this is the person who is sent to prison.....(Mutt)

TRUE

"Tell me, Selma, where did we go wrong?"

The Entertainers

This month's MP News devotes its middle section to the MSP Band. Above, left to right: Tom Vanwald, Marvin Schilling, and Darrold Queen.

Left to right: Ron Eskildsen, John Parks, and Marvin Schilling.

Clockwise from top: Tom Vonwald, Marvin Schilling, Darrold Queen, John Parks, Jim Spurlock, Jess LaMere.

From The OLD BUZZARD'S ROOST

by Mutt

I'm not saying that my cell is small, but I could use a handkerchief for wall-to-wall carpeting....And then, Montana State Prison is just like a skyscraper. It over looks Deer Lodge. It also overlooks a lot of other things too....My girlfriend Sherry's so stupid, she can spend an hour reading the label on a tomato can....Poor Boy (Norwood) didn't have a childhood. He was born during an elevator strike and there was no one to bring him up....I'm not saying that our favorite little Indian is fat, (Levi Campbell) but when he rides over railroad tracks, his double chin applauds....When Century Brown was born his father acted just like a murphy bed. He took one look at Century and folded up....Stretch Brittingham said he was scared of his own shadow, and I don't blame him a darn bit. It looks like a mop....Bill Dale comes from a very brave family. They didn't know the meaning of the word quit, until he was born....and my girl friend Sherry, is the only girl I know who can't spell DDT. Don't about that ole boy Thor....Curley Bird Richard throws his chin is his best feature. Yes, it looks more like a couple features....Jesse Logan was the youngest of a family of seven and he was always [illegible] other's hand-me-downs. The [illegible] of it was, [illegible]....[illegible] Sherry Quigg's mother tried to give him away as a [illegible] price...I'm not saying that Pete Cameron is over-weight, but he can use a tent for an overcoat....Dapee is so cheap he won't even tip his cap....Cloyce Little Light was really an attractive kid. That's why women used to chase him down the street. He stole purses....And then Merle Gardipee is so cheap, when he finishes a cigarette he has to wipe the ashes off of his teeth.... Then Pete

Herman was three the family moved - but he found them again....It's difficult to understand women now-a-days. It used to be an insult to offer a lady a drink of booze. Now she just swallows the insult. Now take for instance my girlfriend Sherry, she is always so drunk they refer to her as the "tight skirt." Sorry about that Sherry... ....Rocky Laurence has a split personality. One side likes vodka, scotch, gin, beer and pretzels. Then there is the other side of him that doesn't like pretzels..... One day Napee loaned me $5 and you know to this day he won't take the $5 back. He just wants the dollar a day interest...Don't ever hit Pineapple Ebling in the heart. You'll break your hand....The first school Tommy Wing attended was in a pretty rough part of town. What a tough school! Tommy got hit by a spitball and the doctor gave him a 50-50 chance to live....Money may not bring you happiness, but it will bring you a better class of enemy...."you didn't graduate from school" says Lucky Luckenbach, "You were Paroled."....Most devastating remark of the month. "There's a bus leaving in ten minutes --why don't you get under it!..."Tell it ain't the 'eavy 'auling that 'urts the 'orses 'oofs, it's 'ammer, 'ammer 'ammer, on the 'ard 'ighway....And what a school that was! Once the teacher asked what six and six was, and George Yelloweyes answered "Boxcars."....Big "Herm" Cardinal isn't exactly a panhandler. He's just pursuing his hobby - coin collecting....Cliff Whitecow is just like prosperity. Always hanging around corners....I'm the kind of a guy who has money to burn, but I never carry any matches....I will never forget my last month in school. I got pnemonia and after that appendicitis. As if that wasn't enough I also got hydrophobia and poliomylitis. Then they gave me innoculations, hyperdermics and emetics. Whee" What a spelling test....Some people have a lot to say, but you've got to listen to them for a long time to find out about it....And then without my help Sherry would still be in the third grade. Is she stupid: Dog-gone it! One day I told her to get something on the TV set - so she went out and pawned it. ....My Sherry was in Hollywood for six years, but she couldn't find anything she could get her teeth into - except a glass of beer....I can still remember my first wedding - with everybody throwing shoes and George Yelloweyes trying them on for size....I could say nice things about my Sherry for hours, but I'd rather tell

the truth....Havey is the type who'll get you to put up 10¢ for a newspaper because he doesn't want to spend a dime....Cheap! Why Napee wouldn't give a duck a drink if he owned Lake Superior....

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Convicts Cats

Annie is the last of an extraordinary breed of cats. She was born nine years ago in a small, 8 ft. by 12 ft. prison cell behind the high stone walls of the state penitentiary at Walla Walla, Wash. For the past four years she has lived a lazy and contented life at the minimum security section of the prison. It was a common sight to see a big, raw-boned safecracker strolling leisurely across the exercise yard with a fluffy kitten perched trustingly on his denim clad shoulder, or a hostile robber kneeling - patiently - in the corner of his cell coaxing a stubborn puss to drink its milk.

One of the tales that grows as the years go by concerns "Geronimo," a cantankerous little tom who had a strong aversion for prison guards. When a guard appeared, Geronimo would let out an ear-splitting yowl that would continue until the guard disappeared from view. When the inmates were engaged in some illegal activity, they would leave this little alarm cat on the walkway and go nonchantly about their business assured that Geronimo would warn them at the approach of prison guards.

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"Discussin is an exchange of intelligence. Argument is an exchange of ignorance."

"Experience is what keeps a man who makes the same mistake twice from admitting it the third time around."

One of the nicest things about the business of life is making your own.

SPORTS

The inside "A" team had another good season this year. In fact I haven't seen them when they didn't have a winning season although in the past we have had more fast pitch games than we did this year. Most of our games that could have gone either way.

SLOW PITCH TOURNAMENT.

The Inside "A" team took part in two slow-pitch touraments this year, winning one and finishing third in the other. The first tournament was the Invitational sponsored by the Prison.

The second slow-pitch tourney of the year was the annual local league tournament. In this round-robin affair we played a total of six games, winning four and losing two. Here is how the games went.

In the first game the Inside defeated the Darigold team 24 to 15. The second game the Inside crushed the Northern Timber, 15 to 13. This game could have gone either way.

In the third game the Inside lost to Barmont 11 to 10. Another game that could have gone either way.

The fourth game saw the Inside once again defeating Northern Timber, this time by the score of 16 to 15.

The fifth game was a match between the two prison, Rothe Hall and the Inside, with the Inside coming from behind to win it by the score of 18 to 15.

Season Slow Pitch

Player	AB	RBI	Hits	2B	HR	AVG
Yelinewyes	100	71	64	2	16	.671
Davis	64	45	57	1	3	.800
Anderson	48	30	21	3	29	.354
Skildsen	100	67	50	1	14	.550

Tournament Slow Pitch

Yelinewyes	35	23	26	5	3	.714
Skildsen	31	19	21	3	3	.677
Doney, F.	33	12	21	0	1	.636
Cardinal	27	13	17	3	1	.629

Fast Pitch

Skildsen	16	10	8	1	2	.500
Cardinal	21	7	10	0	3	.476
Toms	14	9	6	1	3	.429
Davis	10	5	4	1	0	.400

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MISFITS IN FASTPITCH TOURNEY.

The shop league fast pitch tournament which was completed on the 25th of August, was won by the "Misfits". This is the first time they have won a tournament for awhile. In fact from a source that is known to have tail feathers, I have been informed that they have never won a tournament. League championship, yes, but no tournament until 1969.

Here is how the individual game scores went during the tournament.

Industries	13	School	9	Kitchen	5
Print Shop	2	Misfits	13	Industries	11
Print Shop	11	Misfits	8	Kitchen	8
School	10	Industries	7	Print Shop	7
Kitchen	7	Misfits	12	Industries	5
Industries	11	Industries	5	Misfits	4
Misfits	12				
Industries	10				

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The players on the Misfits are as follow: Doney, Hess, McGivern, Little Light, Davis, LaCobee, Swenson, Graham , Fitzpatrick, White and Cardinal.

The pitching duties were shared equally between Yellow-eyes-Baldwin and Wing-Wright. As far as the Misfits were concerned Wing and Wright were the winning battery in the first two games and then in the final three games Yellow-eyes and Baldwin won 2 games and lost 1.

"You have much too little blood in your alcohol stream!"

ATTENTION!!!
EMPLOYERS!!!

Have you ever considered hiring a parolee?

Skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled workers available

There are men presently awaiting release on parole who are seeking employment. Steady employment is a requisite of parole and these men cannot be released until they have employment. Won't you help these men in their efforts to rebuild their lives and to become useful, productive members of the communtiy?

Many of these men have had previous experience or have received training in the following trades.

SIGN PAINTING
MACHINE SHOP
PRINTING
LAUNDRY WORKERS
SHOE WORKERS
REFRIGERATION
OFFICE MACHINE REPAIR
CLOTHING MANUFACTURE
DRY CLEANING
TAILORING
SOAP AND SOAP PRODUCTS PROCESSING

Automotive

AUTOMOTIVE REPAIR
BODY AND FENDER WORK
SPRAY PAINTERS

Building Trades

ELECTRICIANS
PLUMBERS
CEMENT FINISHING
WELDING
WOOD WORKERS
GENERAL LABORERS
CARPENTERS
BRICK AND BLOCK LAYERS
METAL WORKERS
STEAMFITTERS
WOOD FINISHERS
PAINTERS

ALSO AVAILABLE ARE FARM HANDS AND OTHERS CAPABLE OF PERFORMING A VARIETY OF JOBS

Let us know your labor needs
For further information contact

Eugene Bond Inst. Parole Officer
Box 7
Deer Lodge, Montana 59722
or Call 846-1320 Ext 26

Invitational Slow-Pitch Tournament

G. Yelloweyes

In the Invitational Slow-pitch tourney held here at the prison, July 17 - 19, the colorful M.S.P. Huns powered their bats to the championship by downing the pesty Northern Timber, 14 to 12.

The other participating teams were: Sports-Center of Helena, Buttery's of Helena, Barmont of Deer Lodge, and Rothe Hall of MSP.

On Friday the 17th, the hard lich "AllStars" of Rothe Hall suffered a 5 - 6 defeat to the bats of the Northern Timber. After the game it was reported that one player known as the "Jolly Green Nino" suffered a serious aliment called the defeat-itis. Must be the weather.

Saturday the 18th, the Barmont tried every gimmik for sympathy from the Huns, but true to their given name, brutal, barbarous, destructive, crushed the Barmont, 26 to 5. Yelloweyes homered for two. Toms and Bourdon each hit one.

Sunday morning, Northern Timber done it again by defeating the Buttery's of Helena, 16 to 15.

In the Sunday afternoon, clash, the Huns held the Sports Center of Helena scoreless until the 5th inning and went on to win, 19 to 1. "Speed" Baldwin and Yelloweyes each homered for the Huns.

In the championship game the Huns rallied 10 runs in the 2nd inning to take the lead, 10 to 3. From then on Northern Timber shut out the Huns for 4 innings, and pecked away at the lead and went ahead in the 6th inning 12 to 10. To lead things off in the final and deciding inning, Yelloweyes tripled and scored on Bourdon's double to bring the score to 11 to 12. Then "Big bat" Eskildsen, cool and calm, powered a two run homer to send the Huns out in front, 13 to 12. Toms who tripled, and then scored the last run to make it, 14 to 12, ball game. Northern Timbers hopes diminished as the Huns quickly retired the side, and with this, congratulations to the MSP Huns.

I Wonder by Luckenbach

Well Nixon took us to the moon
and he's rearranging welfare
while here in prison
things seem pretty much the same
I wonder if it's the weather?

Alligator jaws and jaundiced eyes
shoved in swollen heads
warders of society's lepers
sort of have a dim outlook on things
I wonder if it's environmental?

So listen to the music
even if you decline to dance
it must be faced
as flesh, I hear, is 10¢ a pound
I wonder if they'll give me credit?

Paint a numbered picture
call it life
and glue it onto the bars
what a bleak and ugly color scheme
I wonder if there really is one?

Don't anticipate the mailman
or anyone out there
'cause the show must go on
no matter where you're at
I wonder where we are?

Years by Luckenbach

How
How do you want em
poached, fried, or boiled?
I know they've always been
scrambled
but
sometime you really should try them
sunny side up.

Cont. from P. 12

When you fail to make every conceiveable effort to prevent future crime, whether you're a taxpayer or law-maker or policeman, you are betraying your own people and condemning some of them to death.

Even I have sense enough to know that a good way to start preventing is by making non-criminals of those you have in hand. When we are caught, it doesn't make much sense to fail in any possible effort which might possibly reform. If a man goes out of prison the way he came in, it means catching him all over again, after he's committed new crimes.

According to some experts, most criminals commit several crimes before they are caught. I've known many who had dozens under their belts. But I've known very few who weren't caught at sometime in their larcenous careers. So, the opportunity is there. You just aren't taking advantage of it. Why?

To begin with, you confuse punishment with correction. In fact, the terms are used interchangable. But they are not interchangable. Punishment takes effect in a child because it is quick and over and forgotten. A long prison term is punishment administered coldly and then carried on and on, until the real reason for it has become obscured under a blanket of bitterness and resentment in the prisoner's mind.

If security or punishment or anything else takes precedence over regeneration of a man, it must be set aside. Or there is a choice between punishment and reform, then there is no choice - not really.

Anything within reason which shows the slightest promise of success should be tried. When or if it fails, then something else shouls replace it: something different from the time-worn failure you've been using.

You'll likely be startled to learn that, in spite of huge increases in expenditures, physical plants and personnel, the recidivist rate in many prisons is as high or even higher than ten or twenty years ago.

The main reason for this is that programs which have been started have not been allowed to go far enough and is reaching only a tiny fraction of the inmates. It's like trying to dam a river with a band aid.

In most prisons today, rooms for trade or education are small and inadequate; stuck off in corners where

they'll be out of the way of the prison's real operations. The average run with a population of more than a thousand has less actual space for regenerative programs than there is in a small elementary school outside.

There are many tools which are not used and techniques which aren't taught, due to security precautions. Since prison industry is usually prevented from competing with private industry, "on-the-job training" sometimes involves weird and useless programs.

Psychiatric help is desperately needed in prison: a fact which nearly everyone recognizes. Yet, in all the [illegible] there are only 27 psychiatrists and [illegible] psychologists.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

SOME REMARKS ABOUT PAROLE

Dr. KARL MENNINGER

When the minimum prescribed time of a prisoner has been served, he may go before the parole board. He lives the last month of the period in an agony of mixed fear, uncertainty and anticipation.

On the day appointed, he is dressed in his best prison clothing. Wistful, suspicious, frightened, sometimes sullen, but always apprehensive, he sits before the solemn members of the parole board.

His record is read; abstracts of his case lie before each member of the board, which usually tells how many times he has been punished for violation of prison rules. He is asked a few questions.

I have heard some of those questions? "Do you think you have learned your lesson?" "Do you intend to go straight now?" Will you behave yourself?" "Are you sorry for what you did?" "Do you have a job?"

Questions even sillier than these are fired at a fellow who would answer affirmatively any question in the world, if he thought it would get him out of the torment of his imprisonment.

Sometimes, of course, members of parole boards ask intelligent questions; but most of them realize (or should realize) that the answers given in such circumstances are not very credible.

The great deformity of the prisoner's character is never examined, and of course, could not be under these circumstances. For all its strength and growth, psychiatry has not yet been able to convince the parole boards, lawyers, judges, or even the general public that there can be a useful, systematic, scientific investigation of the fears, motives, feelings, sorrows, hates and loves, delusions and phobias of individuals who will cooperate. But these private inner secrets cannot be elicited in a public situation.

I don't criticize parole borad members for the questions they ask. I criticize them for asking any questions at a l, nder the circumstances. The best interviewer in the world would probably vail to elicit any

useful information out of an examination made under these conditions. But the right kind of examination could be made and reported.

The tragedy is that as a rule there is not much scientific data to go by. There has been no real case study. Except in rare cases, there has been no psychiatric examination. There has been no objective personality inventory. Frequently, there has been no real social worker investigation of the family, the neighborhood, the sociological surroundings of the crime.

Furthermore, most parole boards have too small a number of parole officers. Often, they are extremely capable and conscientious people, but are usually insufficiently trained, inadequately supervised, and underpaid.

Thus, whether the parole board is perspicacious and conscientious, or stupid and unscrupulous, the fate of a prisoner is a toss-up. He may be remanded back to prison for a little more penitence and reflection, at state expense, of course, Or he may be dumped back on society to sink or swim; blessed only with the expensive education he has had in concealing bitterness and fury.

In some states, he will not be released, no matter how good his record or how much time he has served, until he has obtained some sort of employment. And, as a general rule, if there are any jobs on the outside that no one else wants, ex-convicts may have a chance at them.

A prisoner going out on parole steps into a world no longer like the one he left some years before; and certainly nothing like the one he has been living in. In the new world, aside from a few uneasy relatives and uncertain friends, the parolee is surrounded by hostility, distrust and dislike.

Complex social and economic situations which were already too much for him, have grown no simpler. The unequal tussle with smarter, "nicer," and more successful people begins all over again.

The ex-convict is proscribed from employment by most concerns, is usually unable to find new friends and ways of living and, above all, is forced to survive without any help - except for an occasional warning from a watchful parole officer.

The first friendly face he sees will probably be that of someone he knew in prison, who has just been waiting for some one to help him commit a crime.

Remember, we are talking about a human being; a handi-

capped one at that; one who needs all the things other people need - something to eat, someone to talk with.

Most people can get along very well without committing crimes, but obviously some people can't - or at least they won't.

A person who has been in prison not only has what made him commit a crime; he also has what prison did to him.

Do churches reach out to take the ex-convict in? Do business firms recruit him? Do unions assist him in finding a job? Does the country club admit him as a member? Do any but the lowest-class cafe or rooming house welcome so unprepossessing, shabbily-dressed, ill-favored individual?

Does anyone know or care if he is depressed, desperate deluded, delirious, or sick? Does anyone ask what useful things this man might do; what values he might render to society in exchange for the offenses he perpetrated upon it?

No, certainly not! That is not the the statuet books. Criminals are not to be helped! Criminals are to be held, hurt, threatened, warned and preached to - but never helped! Why, that would be "soft-headed sentimentalism," "coddling" and "pampering!"

Criminals owe a debt to society! They should be made to pay for their crimes and keep on paying for the rest of their natural lives!

If there were ten times as many parole officers as there are now;and if they were all as good as few parole officers are now; and if they could carry ten times the caseload they are carrying now (which is already too great); and if they could just have a little encouragement from judges and police officers, and a little help from psychiatric clinics and clinical psychologists; and above all, if they could have a little more appreciation from the public for what they do.....

Well, all this is one of the biggest combinations of "ifs" imaginable; but if all these "ifs" could come true, then the parole officers might just turn the tide.

However, at the present time, they are swamped and almost helpless. About all they can do now is to try and hold the line and keep things at a status quo.

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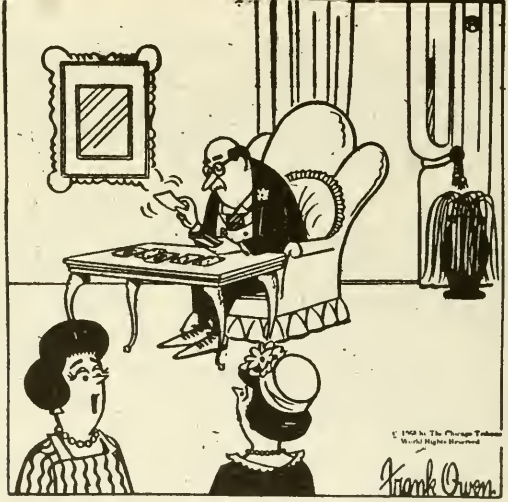
"The finest kind of friendship is between people who expect a great deal of each other but never ask it."



"Chesney's following the doctor's order to take some exercise. He's given up his automatic card shuffler!"

I see Mr. Ed retired. Sure gonna miss you ole Ed.

We really haven't been doing anything but crocheting and knitting. Oh yes, most of the gals are going back to school.

I want to wish the two girls all the luck in the world (It's parole time calling). Also the ones across the street. So just keep smiling Alma C. and Charlene W.

Guess we'd never make furloush huh?

Our little home here at this section sure has been lonescme lately. Better start rounding up some more gals.

Who's the two guys that's always bringing cake, rolls and flowers? Oh, thank you Trolley and Brooklyn.

Guess what? I only got five more minutes and this surely isn't gonna be much but I will try and do better next month. Ok? See ya all.

Hey,

I bet you didn't know...

An all star baseball game was played for the first time in July 6, 1933, and the American League defeated the National League 4 to 2.

Rocking chair champion Aime' Lavoie rocked his chair for 81 hours, 3 minutes the year of March 2, 1955.

March 8, 1923,as the result of a poll conducted by the "women's weekly" in Paris, of all then outside of France they preferred American men for husbands.

In 1899, June9, heavyweight champion James J. Jeffries knocks out Bob Fitzsimmons in the eleventh round, at coney island, New York.

Feb. 4, 1932 Lake Placid,New York is a successful host for the first winter Olympic games ever held in America.

On Feb. 16, 1947 Admiral Richard E. Byrd makes his second successful flight over the South Pole.

Oct. 1, 1903, the Boston Americans were victorious in the first world series in history as they defeated the Pittsburgh Nationals.

Dec. 28, 1943, Frank Sinatra left the Tommy Dorsey band and launched his own career with a successful engagement at New York's Paramount theatre.

**

"The only gracious way to accept an insult is to ignore it; if you can't ignore it, top it; if you can't top it, laugh at it; if you can't laugh at it, it's probably deserved."

The Men of Action

La Barge Jaycees have a number of projects going, some of which should be completed by the time this comes out. One of our projects is the installation of a wooden partition for the TV room. This will be mutually enjoyed by card-players who are bugged by the noisey TV and by TV aficionandos who are bum-kicked by noisey card-players.

Another of our projects is installing foot baths in the shower room. These are designed to be used by people's feet.

A smaller project we have going as a Ways & Means money-maker is the painting of bowling balls to resemble 8 balls denoting District #8 of the Montana Jaycees. We hope to have all of District8's balls painted by November when we have the district meeting here.

Our new sponsor is Mr. Antonson, who is also a new case-worker at the institution. Those of you that might have quit Jaycees because of infrequent and/or irregular meetings; Mr. Antonson promises that there WILL be a mee ing every week. So all you guys who have been bothered by irregularity can find relief once again with everything functioning properly.

Jaycee Parlimentarian, Jerry Ereth, was overheard telling our trainee member Marve Schilling that he was out of order according to Robert's Rules of Order up at band practice the other day when Marve kept referring to Jerry as Eric Burdon.

That's about it for this month. Anyone wanting to join Jaycees come on up any Monday night at 6:30 in the print shop.

The Casual Acquaintance

by A. F. Charlo

On a tiny, well-kept, skidrow section in Salt Lake City, I wanderingly walked into a bar named the One-Eleven. Entering this bar, I slowly placed by steps and then stood for a minute so I could get my eyes adjusted to the dark room. Then I took a stool at the bar and asked the bartender to fix me a Tom Colins.

As I waited for my drink, a well-shaped, redheaded girl walked in. I gave her the double-duty stare and waited for her to look my way, but she did not as she sat in a booth near the door. Only when the bartender brought me my drink and asked for his pay, did she give me a quick glance, I turned from her and gave the bartender five dollars and asked him to bring the lady by the door the kind of drink that she desired.

After the bartender fixed and brought her her drink, he went for my change. Waiting for his return, I felt a warm breath close to my ear and saw a beautiful redhead girl in the mirror behind the bar wink at me and heard her whisper, "Thank you." I nodded and asked her to accompany me. As she sat down, the bartender came with my change. I welcomed the bartender's thank you. He nodded and walked away.

A half dollar was in the front of my face and a feminine smile behind it when I turned to talk to my gorgeous friend. In a smiling voice, she asked if she could play the juke-box. I said it was fine with me.

As she walked toward the juke-box, I watched her thousands of wonderful muscles go into action. Each step she took was evenly spaced making her cures a thing to think about. Oh, man, how could such a shapy girl be so all alone. My thoughts made me go to her side, and I knew that I wanted this girl more than any other girl that I have ever met. By her side, I put my arm around her waist and asked if she needed any help? Her "yes" was a warm, lovely smile, which made my heart do a triple-duty skip; I fell in love and pushed any buttons on the juke-box. As I held her for a couple of minutes and we listened to "Love Me Tender" play by Elvis, she whispered, "Do you like the song that I played?" I smiled

and felt like kissing her red lips. My mind changed to the juke-box as she selected another song.

Back at the bar, we sipped our drinks and talked about little funny things that happened in our lives. Finishing our drinks, I ordered a couple of more, and we continued chatting as we listened to "Making Believe" by Kitty Wells.

More people came into the bar now, and I hardly noticed them until a half-drunk, young man came over and asked my redhead-companion to dance. She told him to ask me. He never said a word, but he bowed with a hand gesture toward the girl, in a manner, for my permission. This made me smile and I nodded an O.K. to the girl, then they left me. That same great feeling came to me as I watched her thousands of wonderful muscles to into action again.

Sitting alone I thought how swell it would be having this lovely girl shed my loneliness, having her warm lips on mine, feeling her soft body near, having her sweetness fill my nostrils, having her smile lift my heart everyday, and most of all, making a splendid dream come true.

When her kiss on my ear awoke me from my wishful dream, I could hear "Candy Man" by Roy Orbison begin to play. Then after the mannerly, young man helped the girl sit down, he bowed to her and thanked me. I returned his bow with a friendly "You're welcome" gesture.

My invitation to dinner made her look at me a moment, and then she put her head down and looked up at me through large, green eyes and slowly nodded with a teasing smile. I took her hand and led her toward the bar door. Before we left the bar, the nice sound of "I Cried A Tear" by Lavern Baker filled the barroom. It faded behind us as we walked down the sidewalk.

About five doors down, we entered a neat and friendly little Italian restaurant, which she said that she liked. I frowned in a teasing manner; and after I gave the restaurant an all-around detective glance, I handed her a menu and took one for myself. As we looked over the menus, we listened to Dean Martin sing "Memories Are Made of This" on the juke-box.

Before I could make up my mind what I would like to order, she said ravioli would be her choice. So when the waitress brought us two glasses of cool water, I gave her my girl friend's ravioli order and said mine

would be the same.

After our dinners came, we each set a napkin on our laps and began eating. She smiled at me and asked, in a soft voice, if I liked ravioli? Managing a grin, as I chewed, I nodded. Then I thought to myself, "If anyone liked dough and some kind of juice, could have this ravioli."

For a few minutes we ate in silence; and when I looked up at her, I saw her patting around her lips in a feminine, gentle manner. And when she said that she had plenty, I hurriedly put down my fork and wiped around my mouth and said the same. After I got up and put a fifty-cent piece under my plate, I picked up the check and helped my new sweetheart from the table; and we walked toward the door. She stood outside while I payed the cashier.

Walking down the sidewalk with a lovely person, made me feel cozy and proud. As we walked, she gently took my hand in hers and asked, "Now what?" I shrugged my shoulders and suggested a bottle of vodka and a quiet evening in a room at the Imperial Hotel. She gave me that bashful smile and then nodded a warm approval.

On our way toward the Imperial Hotel, we stopped at the liquor store; and after I bought a pint of high-priced vodka, we continued on our way. At the hotel entrance, I asked her to wait there a couple of minutes, and I went into the hotel. When I came out of the hotel, My redheaded beauty was gone.

I hurried to the newspaperman at the street corner and quickly asked him if he saw a beautiful, young redheaded girl wearing a white blouse with blue trimmings and white skirt and carrying a blue purse? He looked toward the street and pointed at a taxicab.

"Oh, no!" I screamed to myself as I watched her tell the taxicab driver something. Then my heart did a double-triple beat when he nodded and opened the taxicab door and helped her into the cab. Sorrowfully watching the taxicab disappear into the crowded street, I felt like I just got off of an enchanted world of lovely loveliness. My heart began to throb, and I felt like the loneliest guy in the world.

The newspaperman brought my mind back to the street corner when he asked me if that was the girl. I nodded and handed him the package with the pint of vodka; then slowly turned and walked toward the bus depot.

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